3.

Shakspeare's

TRAGEDY

OF

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA;

WITH ALTERATIONS, AND WITH ADDITIONS FROM

[John] DRYDEN;

AS NOW PERFORM'D AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
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1813.

[*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Octavius Cæsar	.....	Mr. ABBOT,
Marcus Antonius	*Triumvirs*	Mr. YOUNG,
Æmilius Lepidus	.....	Mr. BARRYMORE,
Dolabella	.....	Mr. HAMERTON,
Mæcenas	.....	Mr. CRUMPTON,
Agrippa	*Friends of Cæsar*	Mr. CRESWELL,
Proculeius	.....	Mr. JEFFERIES,
Thyreus	.....	Mr. MURRAY,
Enobarbus	.....	Mr. EGERTON,
Canidius	*Friends of Antony*	Mr. TREBY,
Ventidius		Mr. TERRY,
Philo	.....	Mr. BROOK,
Alexas	.....	Mr. CHAPMAN,
Diomedes	*Officers of Cleopatra's House* ..	Mr. MENAGE,
Mardion, an Eunuch	.....	

Attendants, Messengers, Officers, and Soldiers.

Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt		Mrs. FAUCIT,
Charmion	*Her Women.* ..	Miss COOKE,
Iras.	..	Mrs. WATTS,
Octavia, Cæsar's Sister		Mrs. M'GIBBON.

SCENE—*Ægypt, and dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Address to the Publick has been induced by due reverence for the great names of *Shakspeare* and *Dryden*; and by a respect for Those (among a multitude of their living Admirers) who, glowing with that enthusiasm which such pre-eminent Poets only can inspire, look upon any change of their text as a profanation:—a profanation, which may, possibly, be the only mode of continuing some of their Plays before a modern Audience. For the arrangements ventured in the following Tragedy, various precedents might be quoted; frequent liberties having been taken with old Dramatists; and taken successfully, (at least upon the boards of a Theatre) with little previous explanation, or with no explanation whatever: but, in the present instance, it is particularly wish'd that an humble endeavour may not be misconstrued into an arrogant attempt.

Doctor Johnson observes, on Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, that "the events, of which the principal are described according to History, are produced *without any art of connection*, or *care of disposition*;" which comment, according to the strict critical code, conveys no slight censure, though mildly express'd;—but he also tells us, that, "the Play keeps curiosity always busy, and *the passions always interested*;" and that "the power of delighting is derived principally from the *frequent changes of the Scene*:"—now, when we consider what those changes *are*, he will be found to praise, in one paragraph, that which he appears to condemn, in another.

But Johnson cannot be fairly convicted of incongruity in the above remarks: for, it is to be recollected, that they claim a bearing upon his general tenets; and that, in his admirable Preface to Shakspeare's Plays, he has *defended* the Poet's *departure from the Unities.* The authority of his opinion produces a powerful Ally to generous Taste, when inclined to rebel against scholastick Prescription; still, although "deliberately given," it makes him, he says, "frighted at his own temerity."

To behold the gigantic Doctor *in a fright* at his contemporary brethren, the majority of whom were pigmies to him in intellect, excites a smile! and may be cited, among repeated, and often, salutary instances, of the men of Method keeping the man of Genius in awe. He certainly labour'd to be beneficial; and to assuage the fury of the Aristotelian fire, raging in the bosoms of diminutive Literati; but he felt that he might be pouring oil; and encreasing the flames he wish'd to subdue.——It is, by no means, intended to insinuate that, when Johnson broached his opinions, there were not individuals of great talent, and erudition, alive, to oppose them; as, doubtless, there are now; but he, probably, dreaded an uproar of the dogmatical million, rather than the discussion of liberal men of letters, who were, comparatively few. Perhaps candour may open a walk between Aristotle and Johnson: the former may have exacted a path too narrow, and the latter have permitted a road too wide.

Be this as it may, Shakspeare's disregard of the Unities are traditionally received; and, to reduce his historical Plays to critical rules, is impossible: they grasp an age in a span; they comprise the events of years in a minute:—we may carefully rescind redundant scenes, and tenderly prune the exuberance of his dialogue, and they may flourish the better on a modern Stage;—to strike at the root of his general construction, is to eradicate the venerable Bard from the soil of our Theatre.

But the magick of his Muse is so powerful, he transports us from place to place, out-running Time with so sweet a velocity,

that we acknowledge much delight would be lost if we did not submit to the violence of the motion. We feel like men indulging in morning slumbers, sensible of visionary impossibilities, but unwilling to rouse our minds from the illusion: and when the enchantment is broken, by the termination of the Drama, a polish'd Auditor may exclaim, with the Poet's rude Caliban,

" *when I waked*
" *I cried to dream again!*"

HORACE has described him by anticipation:

" Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit;
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut *Magus;* et *modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*"

DRYDEN in the Preface to his Play of " *All for Love,*" vaunts that he has observed the Unities of Time, Place, and Action, with more exactness *than, perhaps, the English Theatre requires:*—thus, while he volunteers a difficulty, he seems proud of shackling himself with fetters he holds in contempt, to shew how gracefully he can rattle them: In his boasted observance, however, of the Unities, he has not scrupled to falsify History; which he informs us he has done " *by the privilege of a Poet.*"

But the two Authors have told the same story in a different way; and, while *Shakspeare* has taken the broadest range, *Dryden* has concentrated his plan;—to mingle, therefore, their Dramas has presented no little difficulty;—to blend the regular Play of Dryden with the wild Tragedy of Shakspeare, creates a danger of entangling a chain of incidents.

The obvious question, then, is,—Why make such an attempt? to which the following answers are respectfully given:——

Shakspeare's Play has been, already, altered, abridged, &c. &c. —but it has stood the test of modern times less than many of our great Bard's revived Dramas, which are, now, kept before the Spectators, from year to year;—Something has been

wanting to render it what is termed a *Stock* Play:——*Dryden's* Play has been long upon the shelf; nor does it appear suited to the present taste, without much departure from the original; but there is much to be admired in both the Plays.

Under these circumstances, an amalgamation of wonderful poetical powers has been considered the best method to be adopted; and it is hoped, that the present arrangement will be found sometimes to have softened the violations of those Unities in Shakspeare, which it cannot easily encrease.

In respect to pruning for representation, it may be allow'd, that

> " ——*fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line;*
> " *Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,*
> " *The last, and greatest Art, the Art to blot.*"

A few lines of interpolation, here and there, will be observed; inserted merely for the purpose of connecting those beauties (which have long been dormant) of Two of ENGLAND'S GREATEST POETS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Alexandria. The Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *and* PHILO.

Can. NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'erflows the meaſure; thoſe, his goodly eyes,
That, o'er the files and muſters of the war,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office, and devotion, of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which, in the ſcuffles of great fights, hath burſt
The buckles of his breaſt, diſowns all temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipſy's paſſions. Look, they come.

(*A louriſh*)

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and their Train. Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a wanton's fool. Behold!

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cle. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new Heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The ſum?
Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you—"do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cle. Perchance,—nay, and moſt like,—
You muſt not ſtay here longer; your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore, hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I would ſay; both?
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: ſo thy cheek pays ſhame
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds. The meſſengers! (*Calling.*)
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace:
Kingdoms are clay; the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus. (*kisses her hand.*)
Cle. Excellent falſehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.
Ant. Now, for the love of Love, and his ſoft hours,

Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to-night?
Cle. Hear the ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fy, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger but thine. Come, come, my queen!—
Speak not to us. (*To the Attendant.*)

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Train.*

Philo. Triumphant lady!—But, ſince meſſengers,
From many his contriving friends, in Rome,
Petition his return, now Antony
Muſt leave her utterly.
Can. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.
Philo. I am full ſorry that he ſo approves
The common liar, who, we oft have heard,
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome. But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy!

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE—*Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger; Attendants following.*

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, firſt came into the field.
Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end; and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainſt
Cæſar;

Whoſe better iſſue in the war from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worſt?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On;
Things that are paſt are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, tho' in his tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia.
His conquering banner from Euphrates ſhook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilſt——
Ant. Antony, thou would'ſt ſay,——
Mess. O, my lord!——
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and taunt my faults,
With ſuch full licence as both truth, and malice,
Have power to utter.
From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
Mess. The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch a one?
Attend. He ſtays upon your will. (*Looking out.*)
Ant. Let him appear:—And fare thee well awhile.
(*To Messenger.*)
Mess. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Ant. Theſe ſtrong Æyptian fetters I muſt break.
Or loſe myſelf in dotage.

Enter a Second Messenger.

What are you?
Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe, more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this tells. (*Gives a letter.*)
Ant. Forbear me.—— [*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again: She's good, being loſt:
The hand could pluck her back, that forc'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Ant. I muſt hence; hence with haſte.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. If they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I muſt be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly. I have ſeen her die twenty times, upon a far poorer occaſion.
Ant. She is cunning, paſt man's thought. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia!
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then were the caſe to be lamented:—the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.
Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe: I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the queen.
Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick removal hence.
Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in* CLEOPATRA's *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS, *discover'd.*

Cle. Where is he?
Char. I did not ſee him ſince.
Cle. (*To* Alexas.) See where he is, who's with him, what he does.——
I did not ſend you. If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit* Alexas.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cle. What ſhould I do I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.
Cle. Thou teacheſt like a fool;—the way to loſe him.
Char. Tempt him not ſo too far.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cle. I am ſick, and ſullen. (*to* Charmion *aside.*)
Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.
Cle. Help me away, dear Charmion, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.
Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,——
Cle. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?

Cle. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good
news;
What ſays the marry'd woman? You may go:
Would ſhe had never giv'n you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis *I* that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; her's you are.
Ant. The gods beſt know,——
Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſon planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,——
Cle. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and
true,
Though you, in ſwearing, ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangl'd with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!
Ant. Moſt ſweet queen!
Cle. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your
going;
But, bid farewel, and go; when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows, and none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of Heaven.
Ant. Hear me, queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices awhile; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; my more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cle. Her death!—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Cle. O, moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill

With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give advice. Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go out hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cle. Cut my lace, Charmion; come;
But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.
Cle. So was Fulvia told:——
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my ſword,——
Cle. And target,—ſtill he mends;
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmion,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part; but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is, I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your majeſty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

Cle. Your honour calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory; and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go:—Come on;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE—*Rome. A Room in* CÆSAR's *Palace.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and their Trains.*

Cæs. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchaf'd to think he had partners. You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think there are
Evils enough to darken *all* his goodneſs.
His faults, in him, ſeem as hereditary
Rather than purchaſed; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Grant it not amiſs
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon; ſay this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) Yet is Antony

No way excuſed; for to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As our ſtate, with his own,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, ripening into knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and men's opinions
Give him much wrong'd.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels: when thou once
From Mutina wert beaten, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer; nor diſdain'd
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The bark of trees thou browſed'ſt—and all this
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time is it that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i'the field; and, to that end,

Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel, my Lord. What you shall know, meantime,
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, Sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Alexandria.*—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *supporting herself on* IRAS; *and* CHARMION.

Cle. Charmion,—
Char. Madam.
Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away!
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cle. O, Charmion!
Where think'st thou he is now?
Or does he walk, or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of the earth, the arm,
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring,—'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!
Cle. What tidings of my brave Mark Antony?

Alex Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many double kiſſes,
This orient pearl;—his ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cle. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say—the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends
This—[*giving a pearl.*]
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the Eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs.—So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
That neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoken
Was dumb'd by him.
Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cle. O, well directed diſpoſition! note him,
Note him, good Charmion, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which ſeeem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Ægypt, with his joy; but between both.
O, heavenly mingle! Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmion;—
He ſhall have every day a ſeveral greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Room in* LEPIDUS' *House, at Rome.*

Enter LEPIDUS, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Lep. GOOD Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your Captain
To ſoft, and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, 'pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MÆCENAS.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Canidius! [*Speaking aside to* Canidius.
Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas; aſk Agrippa.
Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir!
Cæs. Nay, then——
Lep. Noble friends,
That which conven'd us, was moſt great; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,—
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.——
[*They sit*—LEPIDUS *in the middle*—ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, *and* CANIDIUS *on one side*—CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA *on the other.*]
(*To Cæsar.*) I learn you take things ill, which are
not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world; more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when, to ſound your
name,
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall: Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you; You were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in this act;—of this my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæs. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o'the world is yours; which, with a ſnaffle,
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.
Cæs. I wrote to you,
When, rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters; and, with taunts,
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, 'ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæſar.
Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him ſpeak:
The honour is ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it; but, on, Cæſar;—
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both refus'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs: Truth is,—
Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken,

Cæs. I do not much miſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech; for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not ſo, Agrippa.
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not marry'd, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whoſe beauty claims

No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men:
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
Her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would ſay, Agrippa, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment. [*They rise.*
Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæs. A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt
Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Miſenum.
Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and encreaſing; but, by ſea,
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Yet, 'ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhall detain me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Alexandria—A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.—No, let it be.
We'll to the river;—there I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes: as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, "Ah! Ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and, that night,
I laugh'd him into patience; and, next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I laugh'd him to his bed;——
Then put my ties and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Phillippan.—O! from Italy;——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, Madam,—
Cle. Antony's dead?—If thou ſay ſo,
Villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:—but well, and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here,
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembl'd, kiſſing.
Mess. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cle. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well; if he be dead,
(And I perceive no goodneſs in thy face)
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Wil't pleaſe you hear me.
Cle. I have a mind to ſpurn thee, 'ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cle. Well ſaid.
Mess. And friends with Cæſar.
Cle. Thou art an honeſt man.
Mess. Cæſar and he, are greater friends than ever.
Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, Madam,——
Cle. I do not like, but yet; it does allay
The good precedence 'Pr'ythee, pr'ythee friedn,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæſar;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.
Mess Free, Madam? No; I made no ſuch report:
He's——married to Octavia.
Cle. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

Mess. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside,
Thy modesty can beg.—
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cle. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than now I do,
If thou again say, yes.
Mess. Too sure he is; and, 'ere I quitted Rome,
He and Octavia had embark'd for Athens.
[*Exit* Messenger.
Char. Good, your Highness, patience.
Cle. Lead me hence,
I faint: O, Iras, Charmion!—'Tis no matter——
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly:
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go! Pity me, Charmion,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Athens. A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable; that, and thousands more
Of semblable import;—but since we married,
And have dwelt here, in Athens, he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when, perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold, and sickly,
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:

When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:—Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us. Meantime, Lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother; ſpeed you then to Rome,—
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. Well, well, the ſhip awaits you in the harbour:
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to.

Oct. Oh, my Lord—farewel!

Ant. The April's in thy eyes;
Thy tongue will not obey thy heart, nor will
Thy heart inform thy tongue: the ſwan's down feather
Thus ſtands upon the ſwell, at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.—Come on, Octavia;
I'll lead thee to the ſhore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRIA'S *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, *and* IRAS, *discover'd.* CLEOPATRA *pensively reclined on a Couch.*

Cle. Athens may well be proud! it circles, now,
Within its walls, Bellona's paragon;
The man of men;—ay me! the married man.
Would that Mark Antony could ſee me thus!
Sure he would ſigh, for he is noble natur'd,
And bears a tender heart. I know him well—
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But, now, 'tis paſt.
Iras. Let it be paſt with you—
Forget him, Madam.
Cle. Never, never, Iras.
Faithleſs, ungrateful, cruel though he be,
I ſtill muſt love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Char. The man, whom you diſpatch'd in truſt, to Athens,
Newly return'd, now waits upon your will.
Cle. (*Starting up.*) Will Antony be kind?—or, quite forſake me?
Is't life or death? for when he gave his anſwer,
Fate took the word, and then I died or lived.
Char. Madam, the Meſſenger.

Enter Messenger.

Cle. Say,—had'ſt thou audience
Of great Mark Antony?
Mess. I found him, Madam,
Encompaſs'd by a throng that ſhouted round him:—
When he beheld me ſtruggling through the crowd,
He bluſh'd, and bade make way.

Cle. There's comfort yet!
Proceed. (*Apart from the* Meſſenger.
Mess. I told my meſſage,
Juſt as you gave it, broken and diſhearted;
Told him, you only begg'd a laſt farewel;——
Preſented next your letter; which he read,
Then fetch'd an inward groan, and only ſigh'd,
As if his heart was breaking. Thus we parted.
Cle. (*Apart.*) That inward groan gives hopes he may be here,
If but to ſay, farewel. Saw'ſt thou Octavia?
Mess. Madam, I did; for, as I reach'd the land,
I view'd her ſtanding at her veſſel's prow,
To ſail for Italy: our barks approach'd
Almoſt to contact.
Cle. Italy! why thither?
Mess. To reconcile, at Rome, (ſo rumour ſpake)
Diviſions which, of late, forebode a war
Between her Lord and Cæſar.
Cle. Bleſt forebodings!
Long may diviſions laſt, that can divide
That mate, ill mated, from Mark Antony. (*apart.*)
Is ſhe as tall as I?
Mess. She is not, Madam.
Cle. Dwarfiſh! he ne'er will like her long.
Char. O, Iſis!
Like her? it is impoſſible.
Cle. I think ſo.
What majeſty is in her air? Remember,
If e'er thou look'd'ſt on majeſty.
Mess. She ſtoops.
She ſhews a body, rather than a life:
A ſtatue, than a breather.
Cle. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no obſervance.
Cle. There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.
Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? Is't long, or round?
Meſs. Round, even to faultineſs.
Cle. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
Meſs. Brown, Madam; and her forehead is as low
As ſhe would wiſh it.
Cle. There is gold for thee. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Char. A proper man.
Cle. Indeed, he is ſo; why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam.
Cle. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!
Cle. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmion:
But, 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Grand flourish.*
[*Shouting, without.*] Antony! Antony!

Enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. Oh, this I prophecied!
(*Rushes forward to meet* Antony.)
My love! my Lord!
So quick to follow thus my meſſenger!—
Ant. Well, Madam, we are met. (*coldly.*)
Cle. Is this a meeting?
Then, meet we but to part?
Ant. We muſt;—for ever.
Cle. Who ſays we muſt?
Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cle. We make thoſe fates ourſelves.
Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual ruin.
Cle. The gods have ſeen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heav'n, and all the world
Is arm'd againſt my love: Ev'n you yourſelf
Join with the reſt; you, you are arm'd againſt me.
Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do,
To late poſterity; and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Elſe favour me with ſilence.
Cle. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Eno. I like this well. He ſhows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone,—
Cle. O, Heav'ns! I ruin you!
Ant. You promis'd me your ſilence, and you break it,
Ere I have ſcarce begun.
Cle. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you firſt, it was in Ægypt,
Ere Cæſar ſaw your eyes: You gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I ſettled
Your father on his throne, was for your ſake;
I left th' acknowledgement for time to ripen:
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the firſt bluſh of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to rival.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.
Cle. I clear'd myſelf.
Ant. Again you break your promiſe.

I lov'd you ſtill, and took your weak excuſes;
Took you into my boſom, ſtain'd by Cæſar,
And not half mine. I went to Ægypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'neſs of the world;
Shut out enquiring nations from my ſight,
To give whole years to you.

Eno. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As ſhe, indeed, had reaſon; rais'd a war
To call me back.—While in your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me ſcarce a graſp.

Cle Yet may I ſpeak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falſehood, yes; elſe not.—
Your ſilence ſays, I have not. Fulvia died;
(Pardon, ye gods! with my unkindneſs died,)
To ſet the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæſar's ſiſter; in her pride of youth,
And flow'r of beauty, did I wed that lady;
Whom, bluſhing, I muſt praiſe, for I have left her.
You call'd; my love has now obey'd the ſummons,
But, if I ſtay, 'twill raiſe the Roman arms.
If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak—you have free leave.

Eno. Now lay a ſigh i' th' way, to ſtop his paſſage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.

Cle. How ſhall I plead my cauſe, when you, my judge,
Already have condemn'd me? You are pleaſed
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
Here then I end. Though I deſerve this uſage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I ſought this parting, or deſir'd
T' accuſe you more than what will clear myſelf,

And juſtify this breach. We're both unhappy.
If nothing elſe, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak, would you have me periſh by my ſtay?
Cle. If, as a friend, you aſk my judgment, go;
If, as a lover, ſtay. If you muſt periſh,
'Tis a hard word, but ſtay.
Now, judge my love by this.
Could I have borne (*Giving* Antony *a writing.*)
A life, or death, a happineſs, or woe,
From your's divided, this had giv'n me means.
Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well.
See, Enobarbus! here he offers Ægypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a preſent;
So, in requital, ſhe forſake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.
Cle. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony, and yet I love you,
Indeed I do; I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle,
For I would part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O, let me die with you!
Is that a hard requeſt?
Ant. Next living with you
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Char. (*Aside.*) He melts! we conquer!
Cle. No, you ſhall go. Your int'reſt calls you hence;
Yes, your dear int'reſt pulls too ſtrong for theſe
Weak arms to hold you here. (*Takes his hand.*)
Go; leave me, ſoldier,
(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
Puſh me, all pale, and panting, from your boſom;
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathleſs almoſt for joy, and cry, ſhe's dead:
The ſoldiers ſhout: you, then, perhaps, may ſigh,
And muſter all your Roman gravity;

Octavia chides; and ſtraight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.
Ant. Dead! rather let me periſh:
My life, my ſoul, my all! (*Embraces her.*)
Eno. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame!——
Ant. What, Enobarbus? it outweighs 'em all.
Down on thy knees, blaſphemer as thou art,
And aſk forgiveneſs of wrong'd innocence.
Eno. I'll rather die, than take it.—Will you go?
Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her, who ſets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæſar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,
This gew-gaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than Cleopatra.
Cle. She's wholly yours.
[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Cleopatra.
Eno. O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to man,
As you, of doing harm! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS *and* AGRIPPA.

Cæs. CONTEMNING Rome, he did all this, and more.
In Alexandria—here's (*Shewing papers.*) the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chains of gold,
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their crime
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her,
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise:
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: She,
In the habiliments of the goddess, Isis,
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.
Agr. Whom does he accuſe?
Cæs. Cæſar: and that having, in Sicily,
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the Iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping, unreſtor'd; laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mæc. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæſar, and my Lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!
Had not the adverſe wind, and raging ſeas,
Prolong'd my voyage, and driv'n our labouring bark
Leagues from its courſe, I ſooner had embraced you.
Cæs. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!
Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæs. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long 'ere ſhe did appear: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; We ſhould have met you

By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I beg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'twixt his love and him.
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where ſay you he is now?
Oct. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, no, my moſt wrong'd ſiſter: Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her; and they are levying
The kings o'the earth for war againſt me. Now,
E'en now, they head their force at Actium;
But they have found, I truſt, to their confuſion,
Our fleet and armies there, prepared to meet them.
Oct. Ah me moſt wretched!
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters ſo far check'd our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubl'd with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny,
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me.—You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort;—
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, Lady.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?
Cæs. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: 'Pray you, now,
Be ever known to patience. My deareſt ſiſter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Near Actium.*—*The Outskirts of* ANTONY'S *Camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
And have command, here, while we ſtay in Actium.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cle. Thou haſt forſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it? is it?
Cle. Is't not denounced 'gainſt Us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?
Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid, in Rome,
You, and your maids, manage this war.
Cle. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the Preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will be in the action.
Eno. I have done.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Canidius, we will fight with them by ſea.
Cle. By ſea! what elſe?
Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dared him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle in Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his 'vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs: in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe that, often, have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare, your's heavy:—No diſgrace
Awaits you for refuſing him by ſea.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Eno. Why, Sir, you throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and peril,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight by ſea.
Cle. I have ſixty ſail; Cæſar's none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping we will burn,
And, with the reſt full mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæſar.—If we fail,
We then can do't by land.

Enter Messenger.

Thy buſineſs?
Mess. The enemy, my Lord, is now deſcried.
Cæſar has taken Toryne.
Ant. There in perſon!
Well, to our ſhips:—this ſpeed of Cæſar carries
Beyond belief.
Mess. While he was, yet, in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch detatchments, as
Beguil'd all ſpies. [*Retires.*

Ant. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe Haſte to thy charge. [*Exit* Canidius.
So now on board—and cheerly!—Come, my Ithetis! [*To* Cleop.
Away! Away! [*Martial flourish.*
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, *and followers*.

SCENE.—*The Country near Actium.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching, with his Land Army.*

Can. Halt! breathe awhile, ere we aſcend the ſteep.——
Set we our ſquadrons upon yonder hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle;—from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly.
The fleets [*Alarum from the Sea.*
Draw near each other; Roman ſtrains of war,
With Ægypt's timbrels mingling, on the ſea,
Proclaim immediate action.—To the heights;
Steadily, ſoldiers.—March! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Sea Shore—Open Sea beyond it.*
A Grand Sea Fight; which ends in the defeat of Antony *and* Cleopatra.

SCENE.—*Open Country, near Actium.*

Enter PHILO.

Philo. Loſt! loſt! all loſt! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Ægyptian Admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
Now, Enobarbus?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Gods and goddeſſes!
The greater portion of the world is loſt,
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Provinces, kingdoms!

Philo. How appears the fight?

Eno. On our ſide like the ſpotted peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribald hag of Ægypt,
Whom leproſy o'ertake! i'the midſt o'the fight,
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather our's the elder,
Hoiſts ſail, and flies:—and ſhe, once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his ſea wing, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the battle, and flies after her.
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for *our* flight,
Moſt groſsly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed!

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Philo. And thence, no doubt, to Ægypt.

Can. Doubtleſs ſo.
To the all conquering Cæſar I will render
My legions and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [*Shouts.*

Eno. Hark! the enemy!

I'll follow yet the wounded chance of Antony,
Although my reaſon ſits i'the wind againſt me.
[*Shouts again. Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE.—*Another part of the Country, near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cæs. Where is the man whom Antony, when flying,
Sent from his fleet to ſhore.
Atten. Cæſar, he's here.
Ambassador from Antony *advances.*
Cæs. Approach, and ſpeak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was, of late, as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To the vaſt ocean.
Cæs. Well;—declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his fortunes, he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
He ſues to breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This from him.
Next Cleopatra craves of thee her diadem;
For now ſhe feels, if thou purſu'ſt the fall'n,
'Tis hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience nor deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From Ægypt drive her all diſgraced friend.
Amb. Fortune attend thee!
Cæs. In thy courſe to Ægypt,
A meſſenger of mine, to Cleopatra,
Muſt be thy fellow.—Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Ambaſſador.
Thyreus,—
Thyr. (*advancing.*) My Lord.—
Cæs. Thou muſt ſail with him, Thyreus.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promiſe,

And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
(From thine invention) offers. Try thy cunning;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæs. Go quickly, then; and ſhould thy veſſel prove
A ſluggard to the wind, I may ſet foot
On Afric's ground before thee. [*Exit* Thyreus.
Now, my friends,
We muſt, once more, embark to ſeek theſe runaways:
'Tis fit we take the lion we have driven
Into his laſt retreat. Therefore, for Ægypt.
Strike,—and march on! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Alexandria—The Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *with Attendants.*

Ant. This land of Ægypt bids me tread no more on't.
It is aſham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither;
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever:—I have one ſhip,
Laden with gold:—take that, divide it;—fly,—
And make your peace with Cæſar.

All. Fly? not we!

Ant. I fled myſelf; and have inſtructed others
To run and ſhew their ſhoulders.

Atten. Sir, the Queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. O, my Lord! my Lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after.
Cle. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt!—Now, kiſs me, ſweet!
Even this repays—Oh, I am full of lead.
Some wine there, and our viands. Thou wilt follow;
Wilt thou not, ſoon?—Oh! [*Exit.*

Enter a Male Attendant.

Atten. A meſſenger from Cæſar.
Cle. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women,
They treat with negligence the roſe, when blown,
That kneel'd unto the buds.— Admit him, Sir.

Enter THYREUS.

Cæſar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cle. None but friends; ſay on boldly.
Thyr. Thus then;—the moſt renown'd Cæſar intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
(For ſoon his forces will ſet foot on Ægypt)
Further than he is Cæſar.
Cle. On—right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cle. O!—
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cle. He is a god; and knows
What is moſt right.
Thyr. Shall I, then, ſay to Cæſar,
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,

That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhroud, the great,
The univerſal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this. By deputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
And from his all-obeying breath to hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæſar's father, oft, (*giving her hand.*)
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lip on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why tarries thus my Cleopatra?—Ha?
Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Ant. Approach there: What, have you no ears?
I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet—Take hence this Jack, and whip him,
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away. This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* Thyreus.

Cle. O, is it come to this? Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, "God quit you," be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand: this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!
Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't! Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment;
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone!
Cle. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.
Cle. I muſt ſtay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cle. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cle. Ah, dear! if it be ſo,
From my cold heart let Heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life!
Ant. I am ſatisfi'd.
Cæſar will ſoon ſit down in Alexandria;
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Will nobly hold; our ſever'd navy, too,
May knit again, our fleet, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear,
Lady?
When in the field I enter, and return
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That's my brave Lord!

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me
All my ſad captains; fill our bowls; once more,
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but ſince my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cle. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo; we'll ſpeak to them; to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet:—the next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Attendants.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Interior of* CLEOPATRA's *Palace.*

Enter ALEXAS, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Alex. YES; we ſhall fare but ill, now theſe ſame Romans
Have croſs'd the ſeas, and ſat down here before us,
In Alexandria.

Eno. Moſt ſcurvily.

Alex. (*Looking out.*) But who's that ſtranger? By his warlike port,
He's of no vulgar note.

Eno. Ha!—'tis Ventidius!
Our Emperor's great lieutenant in the Eaſt;
Who firſt ſhew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria laſt,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Alex. You ſeem to know him.

Eno. Aye;—I honour him.
A braver Roman never drew a ſword.
Firm to his prince; but as a friend, not ſlave.
He ne'er was of his pleaſures, but preſides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counſels.
In ſhort, the plainneſs, fierceneſs, rugged virtue,
Of an old true-ſtampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes ſome good, I truſt.—Withdraw,
We ſhall learn more, anon.

[*Exeunt* Enobarbus *and* Alexas.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *and an Ægyptian Attendant.*

Ven. Nay, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.

Let your Ægyptian timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate ſounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your coward's holy day in temples.

Enter an Officer of ANTONY.

Off. The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none preſume to ſtay.
Ægyp. I dare not diſobey him.

[*Exeunt Officer and Ægyptian Attendant.*

Ven. Well, I dare;—
But I'll obſerve him firſt unſeen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the reſt I'll ventrue.

(*Withdraws.*)

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt downward,
To be trod out by Cæſar?
Ven. On my ſoul,
'Tis mournful; wond'rous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, would'ſt thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune! thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting age.
Ven. (*Aside.*) How ſorrow ſhakes him!
I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer.

(*Standing before him.*)

Ant. (*Starting up.*) Art thou Ventidius?
Ven. Are you Antony?
I'm more like what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.
Ant. I'm angry.
Ven. So am I.
Ant. I would be private; leave me.
Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that anſwer? Who am I?
Ven. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n:
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a ſin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Ven. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not;—but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfi'd?
For, if a friend, thou haſt beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;
(Weeping.)
I have not wept this forty years, but now
My mother comes afreſh into my eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Ant. By Heav'n he weeps! poor, good old man,
he weeps!
The big round drops courſe one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I ſhall bluſh to death: They ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Ven. I'll do my beſt.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father,——
Ven Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! why, that's the ſtile of victory;
The conqu'ring ſoldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general ſo; but never more
Shall that ſound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Ven. It ſits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly ſlumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

Ven. Out with it, give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my ſhame.
I loſt a battle.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt ;
For Julius fought it out, and loſt it bravely ;
But Antony——

Ven. Nay, ſtop not.

Ant. Antony,—well, thou wilt have it—like a coward fled,
Fled while his ſoldiers fought ; fled firſt, Ventidius :
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave ;
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven. Yes, and a brave one ; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning :—
But I have loſt my reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The name of ſoldier with inglorious eaſe.
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years ;
When firſt I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs ;
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me ; till I took pains
And work'd againſt my fortune, chid her from me :
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearı'd her, and now ſhe's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.—

Ven. You would be loſt, then ?

Ant. I am.

Ven. I ſay, you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmoſt. Doſt thou think me
deſperate
Without juſt cauſe?—All's loſt beyond repair;
I ſcorn the world, and think it not worth keeping.
Ven. Cæſar thinks not ſo;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd; hold out your throat to
Cæſar,
And ſo die tamely.
Ant. I can kill myſelf.
Ven. I can die with you too, when time ſhall
ſerve;
But fortune calls upon us, now, to live;
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, Ventidius.
Ven. Up for your honour's ſake! twelve legions
wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marſhes to the Nile;
'Twill do you good to ſee their ſun-burnt faces;
Their ſcarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's vir-
tue in 'em:
They'll ſell their mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Ven. I ſaid, on the banks o'the Nile.
Ant. Then, bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.
Ven. They will not come:
They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
Ant. I'm beſieg'd.
Ven. There's but one way ſhut up:—How came I
hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.

Vent. They would, perhaps, desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldier's to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave?
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: She deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour.
Ven. You may kill me;
You have done more already,—call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes;
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hind'red me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To join with Cæsar's bands? I could have been
A traitor then; a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too paſſionate.
Why did'ſt thou tempt my anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear.
Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that ſincerity I us'd,
Nor durſt another man have ventur'd it:
Ant. Go on; for I can bear it now.
Ven. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my paſſion, but thou may'ſt.
Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.
Ven. That's my royal maſter!
And ſhall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old ſoldier:
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troop, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come follow me!
Ven. O, now, I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all!
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me! my ſoul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has ſeiz'd me;—
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Caſſius' camp: In vain the ſteepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of ſpears
Sung round my head, and planted all my ſhield;
I won the trenches, while my foremoſt men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Ven. Ye gods! ye gods!
For ſuch another hour!
Ant. Come on, my ſoldier!
Our hearts and arms are ſtill the ſame. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,

May taſte fate to 'em; mow 'em out a paſſage,
And, ent'ring where the foremoſt ſquadrons yield,
Begin the noble harveſt of the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Before Alexandria*—CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA *and* PROCULEIUS.

Cæſar. Go forth, Agrippa, and urge on the fight;
Our will is, Antony be ta'en alive;
Make it ſo known.

Agrip. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Agrippa.

Cæſar. The time of univerſal peace is near;
Prove this a proſperous day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Antony is come into the field.

Cæſar. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt. Shouts, Flouriſhes, &c.*

SCENE—*The Gates of Alexandria.*

Flouriſh, and Shouts, from ANTONY's *Party.*

Enter ANTONY, VENTIDIUS, *and their Forces.*

Ant. This day is ours;—Bravely thou fought'ſt, Ventidius;
We have beat him to his camp.
We *can* conquer.
Five thouſand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathleſs on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well: and he,
Who loſt 'em, could have ſpar'd ten thouſand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An eaſier peace, while Cæſar doubts the chance
Of arms,——

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius;
The boy purſues my ruin; he'll no peace.
Ven. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Ant. No. Wherefore drive me from myſelf, to ſearch
For foreign aids? to hunt my memory
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends:
Yet I had one, the braveſt youth of Rome;
I ſcarce need tell his name:—'twas Dolabella.
Ven. He's now in Cæſar's camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's ſight,
Becauſe I fear'd he lov'd her. When he departed
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.
Ven. It argues that he lov'd you more than her;
Elſe he had ſtaid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.
Ant. Would he were here!
Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your anſwer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has ſent
A meſſenger from Cæſar's camp, with letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Ven. I'll bring him inſtantly.

[*Exit* Ventidius; *and re-enters immediately, with* DOLABELLA.

Ant. 'Tis he himſelf, by holy friendſhip!

[*Runs to embrace him.*

Art thou return'd at laſt,
Oh, Dolabella!
Thou haſt beheld me other than I am.
Fortune is Cæſar's now, and what am I?
Dol. What you have made yourſelf.
Ant. This from a friend?

Ven. Yes, Emperor, a true one.
Dol. O, judge me not leſs kind becauſe I chide:
To Cæſar I excuſe you.
Ant. O ye gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæſar!
Dol. As to your equal.
Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this he never ſhall be more.
Dol. I bring conditions from him.
Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou ſhould'ſt not bring 'em elſe:
Ven. Granting this,
What pow'r was theirs, who wrought ſo hard a temper
To honourable terms?
Ant. It was my Dolabella, or ſome god.
Dol. Nor I; nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa;
They were your enemies; and I, a friend
Too weak alone: yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: Shew me that perſon,
Who has preſerv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Bring us but face to face.
Ven. That taſk is mine;
And, Heav'n, thou know'ſt how pleaſing!
[*Exit* Ventidius.
Dol. You'll remember
To whom you ſtand oblig'd?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind;
My queen ſhall give thanks too.
Dol. I fear ſhe will not.
Ant. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall: the Queen, my Dolabella!
Haſt thou not ſtill ſome grudgings of thy fever?
Dol. I would not ſee her loſt.
Ant. When I forſake her,

Leave me, my better ſtars;
This Cæſar tempted her
At no leſs price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But ſhe reſiſted all: and yet thou chid'ſt me
For loving her too well. Could I do ſo?

Dol. Yes: there's my reaſon.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Where? Octavia there! (*Starting back.*)

Ven. What, is ſhe poiſon to you? A diſeaſe?
Look on her, view her well.

Dol. For ſhame, my Lord! if not for love, receive her
With kinder eyes. If you confeſs a man,
Meet her, embrace her, bid her welcome to you.

Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a ſtranger, ſure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæſar's ſiſter.

Oct. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than Cæſar's ſiſter,
Know, I had ſtill remain'd in Cæſar's camp;
But a wife's virtue ſtill ſurmounts her pride.
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
(*Taking his Hand.*)

Ven. Do, take it, thou deſerv'ſt it.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaſſadreſs.
Come, you've all betray'd me;
My friend, too! to receive ſome vile conditions,
My wife has bought me, with her pray'rs and tears;
And now I muſt become her branded ſlave.
In ev'ry peeviſh mood ſhe will upbraid
The life ſhe gave.

Oct. But the conditions I have brought are ſuch

You need not bluſh to take; I love your honour,
Becauſe 'tis mine; it never ſhall be ſaid
Octavia's huſband was her brother's ſlave.
Sir, you are free; free ev'n from her you loath;
For, tho' my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a ſoul like yours: I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deſerve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;
He ſhall draw back his troops, and you ſhall march
To rule the Eaſt; I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and muſt praiſe
The greatneſs of your ſoul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
But you do all for duty. You would free me;
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not ſo?

Oct. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I muſt be oblig'd
To one who loves me not; who, to herſelf,
May call me thankleſs, and ungrateful man;
I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you exult o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty ſoul
Could brook but ill the man that ſlights my bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not?

Oct. Therefore, my Lord,
I *ſhould* not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Oct. And therefore I *ſhould* leave you,—if I *could*.
Ant. I am vanquiſh'd. Take me, Octavia;—
[*Embracing her.*
I've been a thriftleſs debtor to your love,
But all ſhall be amended.
Oct. O, bleſt hour!
Ant. [*To Octavia.*] This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.
Oct. All there are your's.

Enter ALEXAS, *haſtily.*

Alex. The Queen, my miſtreſs, Sir, and yours—
Ant. 'Tis paſt!
Octavia, you ſhall ſtay this night; to-morrow,
Cæſar and we are one.
[*Exit, leading* Octavia; Dolabella *follows.*
Ven. There's news for you; run, my officious pandar;
Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte forward: go—
Haſte, my dear go-between!—haſte! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE—*Outſide of the City of Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. 'TIS plain, Ventidius, Cæſar has diſſembled;
He knows no honour, he!—and the conditions,
Sent by Octavia and Dolabella,
Were treacherouſly meant.
Ven. You pleaſe to think ſo.
Ant. Is it not clear?—He'll not withdraw his troops.

Ven. And thus the war continues.—I had hopes
To patch up peace.
Ant. Thou ſee'ſt it cannot be.
Ven. Well, well!
Ant. So cold! wilt *thou*, as numbers have,
When Fortune is upon the wane, forſake me?
Ven. I ſhall forſake you when I die;—not ſooner.
Ant. My friend! (*ſoften'd*).
Ven. We loſe time.
The day advances.
Ant. We'll to yonder eminence:—
The preparation is, to-day, by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.
Ven. The preparation
Is both for ſea and land: On ſea, I fear,
'Tis a frail venture, ſince your loſs at Actium.
Ant. I would they fought in fire, or in the air!
We'd fight there too.—But, this it is, Ventidius:
Order for ſea is given; and our beſt force
Is forth to man the gallies.—With our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the City,
Their naval movements we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavours.— Follow me.

[*Exit* Antony, *and* Ventidius.

SCENE—*Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

(*Shouts at a diſtance.*)

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cle. Hear'ſt thou how fares the battle?
Char. Antony
Now ſtands ſurveying our Ægyptian gallies,
Engaging Cæſar's fleet. (*Shout again.*)
Cle. Now death, or conqueſt!

Iras. Have comfort, Madam;—'twas a cheering ſhout.
Hark! they redouble it. (*Shouts repeated.*)

Char. 'Tis from the port.

Cle. Good news, kind Heav'n!

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. O, horror, horror!
Ægypt has been;—our lateſt hour is come;
Time has unroll'd our glories to the laſt,
And, now, cloſed up the volume.

Cle. Say the worſt.

Alex. Proud on the waves, your well appointed fleet
Row'd forth to ſea, and ſmooth the well-timed oars
Were dipt to meet the foe;—ſoon did they meet,
But not as foes! In brief, we ſaw their caps
On either ſide thrown up; Ægyptian gallies
(Receiv'd like *friends*) paſt through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and, now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cle. Enough, Alexas;
I've heard my doom!—What ſays Mark Antony?

Alex. You muſt avoid him.
He raves on you, and cries he is betray'd.
Do not ſee him yet.

Cle. I muſt not.—Whither go?

Alex. Retire, awhile,
Within your monument:—meet not this tempeſt;
It will o'erblow.

Cle. Not till he hears I'm dead;—
Then would this guſt of anger end in grief.

Alex. E'en that way turn it, then;—let me report
To Antony that you have ſlain yourſelf:
When undeceiv'd, his joy will be ſo great,
He will forgive, if not forget, the ills
Our fleet hath wrought him.

Cle. Well, well, be it ſo.
And yet, 'tis not for fear that I avoid him:
I know him noble; when he baniſh'd me,
And thought me falſe, he ſcorn'd to take my life.
But I'll be juſtified, and then die with him.
Away, Alexas!—Come, my women, come!

[*Exeunt*,—Cleopatra, *and her Women, on one ſide*; Alexas *on the other.*]

SCENE—*Within the Town of Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Gods! how this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
Her fleet and Cæſar's mingle in the port,
And there, like long-loſt friends, carouſe together.
O, ſun! thy up-riſe ſhall I ſee no more;
Fortune and Antony part here, even here!——
All come to this! to this!

Ven. This Ægypt is
One univerſal traitor; and their queen
The ſpirit, and the extract, of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left a poſſibility?—
The leaſt unmortgaged hope?—for, if there be,
Methinks I ſhould not fall beneath the fate
Of ſuch a boy as Cæſar.

Ven. There are, yet,
(The remnant now fled with us from the hills)
Three legions left.

Ant. Who knows but yet we may——

Enter ALEXAS.

How now, Alexas?

Ven. He comes from Cleopatra;—from your ruin;
And looks a lie before he utters it.
Hence, villain, hence!

Ant. Away from me for ever!
No ſyl'able to juſtify thy queen:
Alex. Sir, be ſatisfied,
She'll ne'er moleſt you more;—ſhe could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but ſhut herſelf
Within her monument: Her ſilent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but ſtole their parting:
At laſt, with dying looks——
Ant. My heart forebodes!——
Ven. All for the beſt: Go on.
Alex. She ſnatch'd her poignard,
And, 'ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breaſt. Go, bear my Lord,
(Turning to me, ſhe ſaid,) my laſt farewel;
And aſk him, if he yet ſuſpect my faith:——
More ſhe was ſaying, but death ruſh'd betwixt:——
She half pronounc'd your name, with her laſt breath,
And half was loſt with it.
Ant. And art thou dead?
Dead, Cleopatra! Oh, then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid
As can expreſs my guilt!
Get thee hence:——
Thou art not worthy to behold what, now,
Becomes a Roman Emperor to perform. [*Exit* Alexas.
I will not fight; There's no more work for war;
The buſineſs of my angry hours is done.
Ven. Cæſar is at your gate.
Ant. 'Tis but a ſcorn of life, and juſt deſire
To free myſelf from bondage.
Ven. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius!

What ſhould I fight for now? My Cleopatra,
Now thou art dead, let Cæſar take the world,—
Ven. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius.
Ven. As I ſhall not outlive you, I could wiſh
We threw life from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions, taken in the toils,
We might, at leaſt thruſt out our paws, and wound
The hunters that incloſe us.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee; I muſt die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæſar.
Ven. Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhould die
With a hard thought of you!
Ant. Forgive me, Roman:
I have thought better; do not twice deny me.
Ven. By Heav'n, I will not,
So it be not t' outlive you.
Ant. Kill me firſt.
Ven. Give me your hand.
We ſhall ſoon meet again. Now, farewel, Emperor——
(*Embraces.*)
Methinks that word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since death ſweeps all diſtinctions, farewel, Friend!
And, yet, I cannot look on you, and kill you:
'Pray, turn your face.
Ant. I do: ſtrike home, be ſure.
Ven. Home as my ſword will reach. (*Kills himſelf.*)
Ant. O, thou miſtak'ſt:
Thou robb'ſt me of my death.
Ven. Think 'tis the firſt time that I e'er deceiv'd you,

If that may plead my pardon. And, you gods,
Forgive me, oh, forgive! for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my friend. *(Dies.)*

Ant. Farewel! Ever my leader, ev'n in death!
My queen and thou have got the ſtart of me,
And I'm the lag of honour. *(Falls on his Sword.)* Ah!
not dead!
I've miſt my heart—O, unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'd'ſt have err'd in a worſe time.
[*Noiſe without.*
Hark! I hear footſteps.——Oh, diſpatch, diſpatch me!

Enter PHILO, *with Soldiers.*

Philo. Whence are thoſe groans! Ha,—'tis our General!

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends; make, make an end
Of what I have begun.

Philo. Not I!—nor any one.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where is Mark Antony?

Philo. (Mournfully.) Here, Diomed!

Dio. Oh, heavy ſight! [*Sees* Antony.

Ant. Diomed, is it not?

Dio. I come, Sir, from the Queen; from Cleopatra.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Now! where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument:—for when ſhe heard
You did ſuſpect ſhe had made terms with Cæſar,
(Which never will be found) and that your rage
Could not be ſooth'd, ſhe yielded to Alexas
Her haſty leave to tell you ſhe was dead,
But, fearing ſince, how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late!

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard!—Come, your Lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides.
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
Yonder lies,
In death, the brave Ventidius:—Bear his corſe
To burial;—and reſpect it as my own,—
And——life flows faſt—Take me to Cleopatra!
[*Soldiers throng round, and ſupport him.*
I've led you oft;—lead me, now, gallant friends,
And have my thanks for all!
[*Exit* Mark Antony, *ſupported by his Guard—other Soldiers join their ſhields, on which they place the corſe of* Ventidius, *and bear it away.*

SCENE.—*A Street in Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, *and Soldiers.*
Cæs. How! fall'n upon his ſword, and dying, ſay you?
Dol. 'Tis held for certain that he cannot live.
Cæs. The breaking of ſo great a ſpirit ſhould
Convulſe the frame of nature;
O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this: I muſt, perforce,
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine.
Agr. Cæſar is touch'd.
Dol. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæs. Come hither, Dolabella;
Hie thee to Cleopatra; ſay to her
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comfort

The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs, by ſome deſperate act
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.—Go. [*Exit* Dolabella.
On, in our march, through Alexandria. [*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The Interior of a Monument.*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, DIOMEDES; *diſcover'd.*

Cle. O, Sun! now quit the ſhining ſphere thou mov'ſt in,
And leave the world in darkneſs.—O, Mark Antony!

Ant. I'm dying, Cleopatra, dying!
But here importune death awhile, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes, the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.

Cle. O, come, come, come! *(Embracing him.)*
And die where thou haſt liv'd: had my lips power
Thus would I wear them out.

Ant. Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cle. No, let me rail at fortune; and——

Ant. One word, ſweet:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, and your ſafety.

Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;—
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cle. My reſolution, and my hand, I'll truſt;—
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change, now, at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at; but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes;
Wherein I lived, the greateſt prince o'the world,
The nobleſt; and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly;—put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman,

Valiantly vanquiſh'd ;—and——my ſpirit is going ;
I can no more !—one kiſs !—and——Oh ! [*Dies.*

Cle. The crown o'the earth doth melt ! My Lord ! my Lord !

O, wither'd is the garland of the war !
The ſoldier's pride is fall'n ;—the odds are gone ;
And there is nothing left of worth beneath
The viſiting moon !

Char. O, quietneſs, dear lady ! [Cleopatra *faints.*

Iras Oh, Madam, Madam !

Char. Leave us with the Queen,
Awhile, good Diomed. Take the ſoldiers hence.

[*Exit* Diomedes, *with the Soldiers*

Cle. (*Recovering.*) Ah me !—Is't Charmion there ? what, Iras, too ?

Char. Dear, royal Empreſs !

Cle. Good now, come ; take heart ;
We'll bury him ; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. [*Noiſe heard.*

Iras. Liſten !—hark !—
Some one has forced the monument.

Cle. Surpriſed !

Enter DOLABELLA.

E'en be it ſo.—Well, Sir, you come from Cæſar.

Dol. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name ?

Dol. My name is Dolabella :—
Moſt noble Queen, aſſuredly you know me ?

Cle. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cle. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony:—
O, ſuch another ſleep! that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Know you what Cæſar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cle. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will: Once, ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this:—Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You, with your children, will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cle. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I, your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen! I muſt attend on Cæſar.
Cle. Farewel, and thanks! [*Exit* Dolabella.
Now, Charmion, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome, as well as I.
Char. O, the good gods! and muſt we live to ſee it?
Cle. No, never, never, Charmion! thou remember'ſt,
This morn, a rural fellow brought me fruit!
And at the bottom of his baſket lurk'd
The pretty worm of Nile, that kills, and pains not:
Bring me that baſket. [*Exit* Charmion.
Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath.

Enter CHARMION *with the baſket.*

Char. Oh, Madam! what is it you have reſolved?
Cle. (*Taking the baſket*). Dull that thou art! I go to meet my love.
Ay, here's the Aſpick:—Huſband, now, I come!
(*Goes to a couch, which ſhe aſcends: her women compoſe her on it.*)
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baſer life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmion! Iras, long farewel!
(Kiſſing them.)
Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain! that I may ſay
The gods themſelves do weep.
Come mortal wretch, *(To the aſp, applying it.)*
Come, thou poor venomous fool!
Be angry and diſpatch.
Char. O, Eaſtern ſtar!
Cle. Peace, peace!
I ſoon ſhall meet my noble Antony,
And meet his kiſs, which 'tis my Heav'n to have.
Char. O, break! O, break, my heart!
Cle. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle, - - -
O, Antony! *(Dies.)*

Enter Guard.

Guard. Where is the Queen?
Approach, ho! All's not well:—
What work is here! Charmion, is this well done?

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How now?

A cry without of

Way there! make way for Cæſar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Train.*

Dol. O, Sir! you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſar. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of her death?
I do not ſee her bleed; she looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Guard. *(Taking up the baſket.)* Theſe leaves have ſlime upon them;
Such as the Aſpick leaves upon the caves of Nile.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe fell: for, I have oft been told,
She hath purſued concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.

Now bear the bodies from the monument.
She ſhall be bury'd by her Antony;
Then we'll to Rome.—Come, Dolabella; ſee
High honour in this great ſolemnity.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Party.*

SCENE—*A Street in Alexandria.*

Enter PROCULEIUS, *with an Officer, and a Company of Soldiers.*

Pro. Halt. We muſt here abide, till Dolabella
Arrive, to tell us how we may proceed,
In the interment of Mark Antony;
Lo! in good time, he comes.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Well met, my friends,——
If well we meet upon a cauſe ſo mournful.
Pro. Antony was your friend.
Dol. He was;—none, once,
So dear to me as Antony;—not Cæſar;
We were ſo cloſed within each other's boſoms
The rivets were not found that join'd us faſt.
War ſunder'd us!—Oh, in his happier day,
His legs beſtrid the ocean;—his rear'd arm
Creſted the world;—his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, unto his friends;
But when he meant to quail, and ſtrike the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.
Proc. How ſtands the order for our march?
Dol. E'en thus:——
Attend the ceremony, as to ſerve,
Rather than to command, its order.—They
Who ſerv'd Mark Antony, e'en to the laſt,
The beſt will honour him.—Our Cæſar's troops
Muſt be ſubſervient;—Antony's adherents
Muſt fix the order of proceſſion, and
Admit us, or reject us, at their will.
Pro. I am inſtructed.
Dol. I ſhall go with you.
Pro. Now, ſoldiers, march!

(*Soldiers and their Leaders march out.*)

SCENE—*Alexandria.*

A GRAND FUNERAL PROCESSION:

DURING WHICH IS SUNG THE FOLLOWING

EPICEDIUM:

CHORUS.

Cold in death the Hero lies;
Nerveless, now, the Victor's arm;
Quench'd the light'ning of his eyes,
The Foe to daunt, the Fair to charm.
Mourn, soldiers, mourn! your day is done;
Valour has lost its cheering sun;
The Roman Glory sets on Ægypt's shore,
And great Mark Antony will rise no more.

Solo. Oh, comrades! many a time has he
Led us to glorious Victory!
Then, blush not, friends, at drops that force,
Down manhood's cheek, their rugged course:
The tears that Soldiers o'er their General shed,
Are Brave Men's tribute to a Brave Man dead.

TRIO OR QUARTETTO.

A constant Fire his Courage glow'd;
A ceaseless Stream his Bounty flow'd.
If Riches in the field of Fame he reap'd,
The Harvest was on Love and Friendship heap'd.

Solo. When Mars no longer battled on his side,
And Neptune, weary of his prowess grown,
Buoy'd him no more to Conquest down the tide,
E'en then no sword subdued him, but his own.
While Cleopatra's grave ye trim,
There her lov'd Antony inter;
For she her Ægypt lost for him;
He half the World for her.

GRAND CHORUS.

No monument, till now, could boast a pair
So fam'd, yet, ah! so luckless in their doom;
Long will the doves of Venus murmur there,
And shouts of Warriors thunder o'er the tomb.

FINIS.

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